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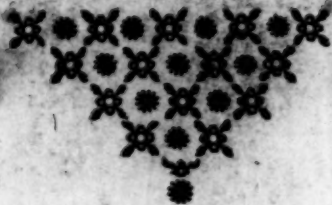
POETICAL REVERIES.

BY

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NEC LUSISSE PUDET, SED NON INCIDERE LUDUM.

HORACE



L O N D O N :

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FOOTBALL REVERIES

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THE UNIVERSITY OF CAMBRIDGE



[Printed on the back of the book]

POETICAL REVERIES.

E L E G Y

TO A YOUNG PHYSICIAN WHO HAD BEEN HURT
BY A FALL, IN HUNTING.

WITH secret voice, did Nature ne'er unfold
The fair designs she meant thee to pursue?
Ne'er from rude sports thy ardent mind withhold,
And point superior prospects to thy view?

Trust me, my friend, her sober dictates lead
To joys more true, more tender, more sublime;
Cease then to thunder o'er the trembling mead,
Leap the huge mound, or craggy summit climb.

Say, can thy breast, ingenuous, learn to share
 The idiot transport of each noisy 'squire?
 Join his poor triumph o'er a wretched hare,
 And, equal savage, catch his brutal fire?

Say, can'st thou mingle in the loud debate—
 " Whose daring deeds demand the meed of fame—
 " Who o'er the double ditch first tempted fate,
 " Despising death, to gain a deathless name."—

Does Health for exercise, for pleasure call?
 Does Relaxation claim her idle hour?
 Indulge thy Genius—seek the sprightly ball;
 And feel, enchanted, music's magic pow'r.

To virtuous beauty bend thy amorous care,
 And catch soft transport from it's smiling eyes:
 Ah! leave for this pursuit the frighten'd hare,
 Seek in this gentler chace a worthier prize.

Be such thy pleasures—Thou, whom Nature made
 To lead, in measur'd step, the various dance;
 To woo the Muse beneath some peaceful shade;
 Or studious thought to noblest heights advance.

But hark!—a deep and dismal groan I hear!
 It vibrates strongly to my trembling heart—
 Like the sad voice of one, it struck my ear,
 Or craz'd by grief, or torn by tort'ring smart.

Again!—ah see, where stretch'd on yonder bed,
 A noble youth pale, wan, and withering lies—
 His vigour broken; all his spirit fled;
 Sunk his poor languid head, and clos'd his eyes.—

By Science tutor'd, and by Virtue led;
 The Muse his youthful brows with laurels bound;
 In vain—the cruel shaft of sickness sped,
 And near his gen'rous heart it's entrance found.

See,

See, where the venerable father stands ;
 His manly soul with speechless grief oppress'd—
 Rais'd are his eyes, and clasp'd his pious hands—
 How struggling anguish shakes his aged breast !

“ Could I have died for thee ”—the mother cries—
 “ Have stol'n the pains that must thy life devour—
 “ Oh that some hand would snatch me to the skies,
 “ And save me from that agonizing hour ! ”

Fly to their succour—let thy healing pow'r
 Raise from his restless couch the darling son—
 Fly, to their sinking age it's hope restore—
 How blest thy lot !—the God-like work is done.

Yet turn thine eye where in yon lowly shed,
 Shiver'ring and cold, the peasant pines to death :
 Where crouding close around th' unwholesome bed,
 His wife, his children watch his thick-drawn breath.

What

What various pain assaults his stubborn breast !
 Down his rough cheek the bitter sorrows stray.
 Pleas'd would he lay his wearied bones to rest,
 But—Death must tear him from his babes away.

Already his strong arm the Monarch rears ;
 E'en now he shakes the dread, unerring dart :
 Behind him Famine's haggard form appears,
 Ready to grasp each little orphan heart.

Haste, or he dies—thy lenient art supply ;
 Haste, and the ghastly Tyrant's pow'r supplant—
 Dispel the tears that cloud the mother's eye,
 And shield the infant breast from pinching want.

Next view a scene might cure the proud, and vain,
 Tumultuous Mirth in her career arrest,
 The garrulous, wild tongue of Folly chain,
 And teach to feel the cold, obdurate breast.

Yon maid was fair ; her eyes of tend'rest blue ;
 O'er her warm cheek Health's loveliest glow was spread ;
 Her lip—the rosebud of the brightest hue
 Ting'd not it's filken leaves so radiant red.—

Like purest snow her gentle bosom rose ;
 Fit emblem of th' unspotted heart beneath—
 The morning gale that o'er the dairy blows
 Was not so mildly fragrant as her breath.

As innocent as infants while they sleep,
 Yet suff'ring much for others guilt, or woe ;
 At mis'ry's feeble call she still would weep,
 And reach her bounty to her bitterest foe.

Soonest the fairest flowret's vermeil dies
 Vanish, if Sirius shoot his sick'ning ray ;
 So sinks the liquid lustre of those eyes ;
 So fades that bloom, to pale disease a prey.

Weak,

Weak, meagre, shadowy is that graceful frame,
Which every eye, unfated, long admir'd :
And half extinguish'd is the dubious flame
Of playful wit, that many a bosom fir'd,

But most Philander's—good, unhappy youth!—
The liberal friend, kind brother, pious son,
Rich in possessions, richer far in truth,
Ah! must he lose the maid his love had won!

Dumb are his sorrows, fix'd his torpid eye ;
Nor does he beat his breast, nor rend his hair ;
He drops no tear, he heaves no feeling sigh :
That dreadful calm confessing deep despair.—

Ere madness seize him, lend thy timely aid :
Search Physic's stores, explore her latent charms :
Recall to blooming life the favour'd Maid,
To life, to beauty, to his faithful arms.—

Oh happy Science! state supremely blest!
 To scatter health, and joy, with liberal hand—
 Shed o'er a brother's couch the balm of rest,
 And live the fav'rite of a grateful land!

Yet, while Disease the fire of vice allays,
 Let not her wholesome chastisements be vain.
 Enrich the mind with sacred truths, and raise
 The flow'r of Virtue from the root of Pain.

O D E,

TO NANNETTE.

WHILE Morn her cheerful influence pours,
 And sheds fresh fragrance o'er the flow'rs
 That all around me blow,
 While airy warblers swell their throats,
 To thrill the sweetly-vary'd notes,
 From hearts with love that glow :

Let me, by breathing Spring inspir'd,
 My fervent breast with friendship fir'd,
 Forget each anxious care ;
 And joining Nature's untaught lays,
 Direct the tribute of just praise
 To NANNETTE's modest ear.

All that of milder virtue knows
 This yielding breast, to thee it owes,
 By soft reflection caught :
 So in some vi'let-scented vale,
 Their rich perfume the Zephyrs steal,
 With sweets extraneous fraught.

And if along the careless line
 Some happier thought should faintly shine,
 From thee the thought I stole ;
 As, borrow'd from the orb of day,
 The moon returns a feeble ray,
 That suits the pensive soul :

For thou art gentle, good, and fair—
 The temper generous, sweet, sincere,
 The feeling heart is thine :
 Thou can'st all sordid cares despise ;
 And through thy bright and speaking eyes,
 We see the soul benign.

Though

Though meek as mourning turtles are,
Yet emulation mix'd with fear,

A decent pride supplies :
So from thy social winter fire,
The flames that constantly aspire
Still tremble as they rise.

Ne'er may thy tender bosom know
Of thwarted love that secret woe,
Whose woundings never cease !
May Health her kindliest balm impart,
And Joy be inmate in thy heart,
With Purity and Peace !

Thy happiness shall teach my mind,
(To Fate's severe decrees resign'd)

To rise above distress :
Still as I hear how thou art blest,
I'll calm each tumult in my breast,
Each rising sigh suppress.

The wretch who wreck'd on some rude coast,
Sees every hope with fortune lost,
A prey to wild despair,
If from the wave, and stormy wind
Preserv'd some dearer friend he find,
In transport sinks his care.

Life little real bliss supplies,
And, scarce possess'd, our pleasure flies,
Chac'd by substantial pain:
To banish cold, unfocial woe,
O let me learn a grateful glow
From others' good to gain!

To a L A D Y,

ON THE SENSIBILITY SHE SHEW'D AT A
PATHETIC SCENE IN A TRAGEDY.

IN frolic mood, the God of Love,
On downy pinion, through the air
Stole slyly from the realms above,
And hid himself in CHARLOTTE'S hair.

In soft luxuriance charm'd to rest,
He, sleeping, by the lovely maid,
Unconscious of her heav'nly guest,
Was to the Theatre convey'd ;

There, rous'd by plaudits long, and loud,
Forth struggled the designing Boy,
Straight for his victims mark'd the croud,
And view'd them with malicious joy.

Now in a dimpled smile reclin'd,
 Now o'er her smooth neck devious led,
 Now 'twixt her rosy lips confin'd,
 Full many a shaft around he sped :

Now, more aspiring, from her eyes
 He pour'd a show'r of pointed darts,
 As flashes quick, from summer skies---
 Piercing whole hecatombs of hearts :

Now sliding to her lovely breast,
 He lay perdu behind her fan ;
 Of happiest ambush there posselt,
 Between the sticks he reach'd his man.

How sure around his shafts he spent ;
 How many a doughty victim fell ;
 To hang, or drown, how many went,
 Some more heroic Muse must tell.

For

For me—all in that dreadful hour,
My heart the urchin could disdain,
Storming with all his mighty pow'r
My indurated breast, in vain.

The artful God repress'd his rage,
Resolv'd some surer means to try;
Ceas'd, till the story of the stage
Swell'd her soft heart and moist'ned eye:

Then ardent, with most studious care,
He cull'd a keenly pointed dart,
Dipt it—too skilful—in a tear—
Ah me!—it struck me to the heart!—

O D E.

T O E L V I R A.

THE weary'd wand'rer, as he sits,
 And penfive leans, from Alpine heights,
 O'er blest Italia's coast,
 Her spacious plains, her glitt'ring floods,
 And tow'ring domes, and solemn woods,
 Beholds, in wonder lost :

But, thence descending, if he stray
 By streams, o'er whose sequester'd way
 The blooming myrtle bends,
 Where nectar'd fruits spontaneous spring,
 And flow'rs their native fragrance fling,
 In pleasure, wonder ends.

When first thy beauty's radiant light,
 ELVIRA, met my giddy sight,
 Amazement seiz'd my soul :
 But soon it's milder beams dispense
 A joy, that o'er each fault'ring sense
 With pow'r resistless stole.

When silent, each bewitching smile
 Seem'd arm'd the bosom to beguile,
 And spoil of treasur'd ease :
 When speaking, ev'ry word confess'd
 Manners with elegance impress'd,
 And boundless powers to please.

Through all thy sweet, expressive face,
 In liveliest characters I trace
 Virtue's illumin'd page ;
 The lib'ral thought, the tutor'd soul,
 Wit, under Modesty's controul,
 And Prudence worthy age :

Th' expansive heart, that feels for all,
 Responsive still to Pity's call,
 And still to blefs inclin'd ;
 Sweetness, that others' faults conceals,
 Reserve, that while it hides, reveals
 The polish of the mind.

Oft' when some finish'd pile is seen,
 The beauties art conceals within,
 Swift Fancy can supply,
 See sculptur'd heroes awful stand,
 See Painting's bold, and fervent hand
 With modest Nature vie.

Thus, Fancy-led, th' ideas ran
 That aim'd thy excellence to scan
 With fond, assiduous care :
 Nor less does following Judgment find
 The latent treasures of thy mind,
 Thou all-accomplish'd Fair !

By Nature, Art, and Fortune grac'd;
 By inbred Delicacy plac'd
 Far from each vulgar sphere,
 Be thine intrinsic worth to prize ;
 And beaux, and fools alike despise,
 And still thyself revere.

Silence

Silence the empty flatt'rer's tongue,
 That would unmeaning praise prolong
 On each external charm,
 Regardless of th' enlighten'd mind,
 The taste, by culture well refin'd,
 The breast for virtue warm.

Be thine to shun, with caution nice,
 The slaves of fashionable vice,
 As ignorant, as vain ;
 View the gay tribe with scorn profound—
 They taint the flow'r they buzz around,
 And leave no trivial stain.

Thus aided shall thy charms inspire
 The bosom with a gen'rous fire,
 That may through age endure :
 Though beauty first engage the heart,
 'Tis merit must the power impart
 That can it's faith insure.

A M O R T I M I D O.

PLACIDO Zeffiretto,
Se trovi il caro oggetto,
Digli che fei sospiro,
Ma non gli dir di chi.

Limpido ruscelletto
Se mai t'incontri in lei,
Dille che pianto fei,
Ma non le dir qual ciglio
Crescer ti fé così.

TIMID

T I M I D L O V E.

FROM METASTASIO.

A H ! gentle Zephyr, ah if e'er
 Thou find the mistress of my heart,
 Tell her thou art a sigh sincere,
 But never say whose sigh thou art.

Ah ! limpid rivulet, if e'er
 Thy murm'ring waters near her glide,
 Say thou art swell'd by many a tear,
 But not whose eyes those tears supply'd.

S O N G

SONG I.

WARM glows the sun; yon flow'r unveils
 Its careless bosom to the ray;
 Smooth is the sea, and kind the gales;
 How swift yon pinnacle glides away!

Sudden upsprings the northern blast;
 Sudden the chilling show'r descends;
 The pinnacle on the beach is cast;
 To earth the tender blossom bends.

ELVIRA smil'd—my bounding heart
 Felt ev'ry nerve with rapture glow—
 She frowns—her awful frowns impart
 A pain surpassing ev'ry woe—

S O N G II.

FULL keenly blows the northern blast;
 And cold the northern show'r descends;
 On the rough beach the boat is cast;
 To the damp earth the blossom bends—

But see! the sun his face unveils!
 The flowret owns the genial ray:
 Clear is the sky, and kind the gales!
 Secure the pinnace glides away.

ELVIRA frown'd—this aching heart
 A thousand anxious fears depress—
 Again she smiles! her smiles impart
 A joy surpassing ev'ry bliss—

E L E G Y.

T O E L V I R A.

L O N E L Y, and sad, I pass the weary way
 That leads me—from ELVIRA, and from joy—
 Her smile ethereal, like the orient day,
 Chac'd the dark griefs that all my soul annoy.

Ye Hours, with what an envious speed ye flew,
 That smile's ethereal influence while I shar'd !
 O how my heart delighted in the view !
 O how it panted as her voice I heard !

What if I seek the cloister's pensive shade ?
 Or wander, Cam, along thy silent shore ?
 The cloister's pale my sorrows will invade,
 And Cam's flow, silent waters please no more—

Ah ! fled for ever are those hours of peace,
 That pass'd me, musing in the neighb'ring grove,
 Studios of virtue, friendship, learned ease ;
 Far from the realms of Misery, and Love.

Now

Now vainly Science, 'midst her hoary tow'rs
 Shall point to names in Honor's sacred roll ;
 In vain Philosophy recount her pow'rs,
 For Love, and Mis'ry jointly sway my soul.

Proud was this honest heart, and scorn'd to own
 Th' affected pow'r of each fantastic dame :
 Mark'd all the lures by wanton Beauty thrown,
 Nor felt, nor feign'd a transitory flame.

If I could stoop where yonder tulip blows,
 In all it's gaudy hues, and garish bloom,
 Passing the modest beauty of the rose,
 That blushes as she hangs, and breathes perfume ;

If I could leave the beechen grove, when near
 The bird of evening swells her tend'rest note,
 To croud the tasteless Theatre, and hear
 Th' excursive shrillings of some Eunuch's throat,

Then might I sigh for modish, tinsel charms,
 And hang deluded on th' enamel'd face ;
 Then take coquetish Beauty to my arms,
 And slight, meek Innocence, thy artless grace.

O ill exchang'd is unassuming Sense
 For Wit too pert, and Mirth too well assur'd ;
 While every virtue, grace, and excellence,
 That meets not Fashion's standard, is abjur'd.

Fashion, more pow'rful than all-conqu'ring Time,
 Each shape can change, each mental form controul ;
 Make Sweetness folly, Modesty a crime,
 Scandal look fair, and Truth deform'd and foul ;

Pluck each chaste precept from the tender breast,
 With which her darling pupils Wisdom arms ;
 Turn each fine feeling of the soul to jest,
 And harden hearts, whose native softness charms.

Yes---I disdain'd the toilet-studied mien,
 The eyes soft languish, or their modish stare,
 While that by virtue uninform'd was seen,
 While these for misery never shed a tear.

But where with beauty elegance combines,
 Where every look th' exalted soul reveals,
 This boastful heart it's pride to Love resigns,
 And more than female tenderness it feels.

ELVIRA's eyes, with her soul's meaning fraught,
 Shoot through my beating bosom thrilling smart;
 Her animated smile, by Nature taught,
 With genuine transport fills my aching heart.

Each artless sentence that ELVIRA speaks
 In melting melody my breast pervades,
 While wit through modest hesitation breaks,
 Sweet as the sunbeam through the chequering shades.

Ambition's toilsome path let others tread,
 The laurel snatch, or weave the civic crown;
 For love, for love alone this heart was made,
 Lives in its smile, and dies beneath its frown.

SONNET.

S O N N E T.

O K I L L me, fatal passion, kill me !
 Nor farther act a doubtful part ;
 No more with tender torments fill me,
 That wound, yet charm the powerless heart.

What if far lovelier than the morning
 ELVIRA rises on my view ?
 And what if through all nature turning,
 I find no bosom half so true ?

What if a pure, and temper'd passion,
 Unwilling wander from her eye ?
 What if her lips, in rich expression,
 Diffuse the breath of harmony ?

Alas !

Alas ! that bosom gently swelling,
Must meet another's envy'd breast---
Those lips, of love and joy the dwelling,
Must by another's lips be prest !---

Then kill me, fatal passion, kill me !
Nor farther act a doubtful part ;
No more with tender torments fill me,
That wound, yet charm the powerless heart.---

To thy cold breast, O Earth, receive me,
There let me hide the pains I feel—
With thy swift arm, O Death, relieve me,
Thou can'st alone my suff'rings heal.---

Ah ! when the friendly stroke shall sever
The spirit from it's bleeding seat,
When these fond eyes are clos'd for ever,
And this poor heart forgets to beat,

Among

Among the few, whose gen'rous nature
 Has held this hapless being dear,
 Wilt thou, ELVIRA, gentlest creature,
 Say, wilt thou drop one pitying tear?

Yes, pity in thy bosom pleading,
 Shall dim with tears those sparkling eyes,
 When chance, thy heedless footsteps leading,
 Shall bring thee where thy lover lies.

Each gayer thought awhile suspended,
 A sigh shall own his hard, hard lot;
 His truth and love be then commended,
 His num'rous failings then forgot.---

F I N I S.



